THE STATE OF EUROPE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONDON, Friday, Oct. 12, 1855.

The first enthusiasm of the capture of Sevastopol has blown over; the Bank of England raises her discount to six per cent: gold continues to flow to the Continent, and the feelings of the Emperor Napoleon may easily be guessed, seeing after his greatest military triumph the three per cents down at 64. They never sank under the republic lower than 60, with a deficiency in the crop officially estimated at seven millions hectolitres, but probably amounting to ten millions. About three hundred millions of francs will be drained off from France in the course of the Winter and Spring for cereals, and it has not yet been forgotten how the failure of 1846 prepared the revolution of 1848. Accordingly, the republicans of Europe cherish the brightest hopes, and the fact that the proclamation of Kossuth, Mazzini and Ledru Rollin, has found but a gentle rebuke in the Ministerial *Globe* while *The Times* communicated it without any thundering comment, is in itself most significant. Under such circumstances the moneyed classes desire peace still more than before, and Disraeli has lately been converted to the theories of Messrs. Bright, Cobden and Gladstone. Lord Stanley, the son of Lord Derby, whose leanings to the peace party have often been noticed, acted as mediator for the new coalition of the Tories, with the Manchester party, which forebodes a most intense parliamentary warfare as soon as Lord Palmerston finds it convenient to summon the M. P.'s to Westminster. Louis Napoleon would likewise feel happy could he terminate the war by a sudden peace; but the Russian organs proudly proclaim the Roman principle that Russia never makes peace after a defeat, and the prospects for negotiations are, therefore, very uncertain. The Ministerial organs try now to show that the principle of Rome was most barbarous, and that its resumption must necessarily lead either to universal empire or to a league of all nations for destroying a power that becomes but more intractable by any defeat. They mention that Peter the Great made peace after his defeat on the Pruth. They might have mentioned similar instances from the reigns of the Empresses Anne and Elizabeth of Russia. Still, all their reasoning is of no avail as long as the Grand-duke Constantine is the real ruler of Russia, mastering the spirit of his weaker brother the Czar. The Western Powers must now continue the war; and since Marshal Pelissier and Generals Simpson and Della Marmora are equally hostile to the press and to the criticism through public opinion in England and France upon their operations, they are determined to have as little as possible published about the war. The telegraph is remarkably silent. Not even meteorological observations about sunshine and rain, as in the days of poor Lord Raglan, are sent to London, and Russian news is again in advance of the English and French dispatches. The only tidings since Tuesday last is the appearance of the allied fleet before Odessa, on the 8th inst., just in time for giving a salute to the Czar, who was expected there on the 7th, on his return for Nikolaieff; perhaps they may gratify him likewise by an illumination of the town. The destruction of this most important seaport, which forms the real depot for the commissariat of the Russian army, was delayed, according to *The Globe*, for more than one year, because Lord Raglan thought it might set free the garrison, consisting of about seven thousand men, and swell by that number the hostile forces in the Crimea! Already, at the beginning of Summer, I have written you about the plan of the Allies to destroy Odessa, Oczakoff, Kinburn, Reni, and Ismael, immediately after the capture of Sevastopol, thus entirely to exclude Russia from the Black sea, and then to continue the war by blockade until the Czar sues for peace. The reduction of the Heracleatic fortress was too long delayed for going through the entire programme before Winter, still as much as possible will be tried and done in that line, until November, and the rest is to be left for the new campaign, if the Czar indeed becomes a Roman of the old time, and does not treat after his last defeat. General Muravieff endeavors to capture Kars as a set-off for Sevastopol, but according to the last news from Asia the garrison has hopes of holding out until the snow storms of the Armenian highlands, which used to set in about the end of September, shall have forced the Russians to withdraw to their Winter quarters. Omer Pasha is likewise preparing for a late Autumnal campaign to Kutais, which might seriously injure the Russians and baffle the plans of the Czar.

The diplomatic intrigues at Constantinople are renewed with additional energy since the rumor of an intended recall of Lord Redcliffe has reached the capital. The great diplomatic bully is yet at Pera, but his influence is on the wane. Before he returns to England, he may see all his "protegés" expelled from office. Reshid Pasha could not force his way into the Grand-vizierist. Mehemet Ali remains minister in spite of Lord Redcliffe's protestations, and the patriarch of Constantinople, who relied entirely on the English embassador, has been ousted from his seat, being replaced by the archbishop of Amasa, a client to the French embassy and to Mehemet Ali. The position of the noble lord becomes as untenable as that of Gen. Simpson. We may soon see them both in the clubs of St. James's street and Pall Mall. Lord Elgin is spoken of as the probable successor to Lord Redcliffe, but nobody can guess who may succeed to the command of the English army in the Crimea. Gen. Markham returns with shattered health, after having lost much of his former reputation by the failure of the attack on the Redan, which he had concerted with Gen. Codrington. There is at present nobody in the British army list who might claim the commandership for past services or military talent displayed during the present war. The "right man" has not yet made his appearance.

The Allies, after having bullied the King of Naples, and excited his subjects to revolt by the unceasing attacks of the official press in London and Paris on his odious government, now suddenly give way and make peace with him. They are aware that a rising is prepared in Sicily and Calabria, to break out as soon as the English men-of-war arrive in the bay of Naples; and Lord Palmerston, wishing to avoid the responsibility of a revolution, leaves—according to his common practice—Naples and Sicily in the lurch. In such a juncture Mazzini steps forward and assumes the responsibility declined by England and France, and Prince Murat seems likewise to be disposed to make the most of the harvest of discontent and excitement sown by Napoleon and Lord Palmerston. All Italy is astir, and looks with anxiety to the beginning of the Italian crisis which must soon bring either independence or increased misery upon the ill-fated peninsula.

In Spain the alliance with the Western Powers, and the abortive attempt at a coup d'etat by a democratic proclamation of the Queen, which had been seized at the house of Don Perales, one of the gentlemen of her household, continue to keep the public of Madrid in serious excitement, while the Carlists try to form an alliance with the discontented laborers of the manufacturing districts of Catalonia. Denmark endeavors to bring about a European Congress, on account of the Sound duties, or at least to allay the just claims of the United States by some temporary concessions deferring the full settlement of the difficulty to the great Peace Congress, which, according to Danish, Austrian and Prussian views, must sooner or later regulate the affairs of Eastern Europe. Bread riots in Sweden prognosticate greater difficulties for the Winter. The cholera, which in the Austrian Empire has carried off about sixty thousand persons in the course of the last three months, is disappearing even in Italy, where it has raged in its most violent form.

LONDON, Friday, Oct. 19, 1855.

The series of Russian defeats which characterizes the present war receives a brilliant continuation by the victory of the Turks at Kars on the 29th of September. It was a fair trial of the real strength of Turkey and Russia, an unsophisticated battle between the Moskov and Osmanli. General Muravieff, one of the best Russian generals, commanded a Russian army of average courage and discipline, inured to war by Circassian campaigns, assisted and perhaps somewhat encumbered by a sprinkling of Georgian and Mingrelian militia, not electrified, but likewise not hampered by the presence of a grand-duke—in one word, a well-organized army of about 40,000 Russians, flushed by some victories in small encounters with the neighboring Pashas, who, one by one, went up to the relief of Kars and were defeated in turn before reaching the invested fortress. The Turkish garrison of Kars, on the other side, is the type of a Turkish army; ragged, without shoes, for two years unpaid, assisted by Bashi-Bazouks of the worst kind, robbers from the Kurdish mountains and the plains of Mesopotamia, and defending a fortified town inhabited by treacherous Greeks and venal Armenians, both favorably disposed toward the besieging enemy. But this army, badly clad and badly fed, abstains from intoxicating liquors, and it is not commanded by rascally, Europeanized, French-speaking, champaigne-drinking, well educated, intriguing pashas, hangers-on of the French or British embassy at Pera. Its commanders are Hungarian refugees, whom Austrian intrigues have forbidden to fight on the Danube: General Kmetty, Colonel Colman, Majors Schwarzenberg and Fritsh, and their chief is General Williams, an English officer of the artillery service, whom the cold shade of the Horse Guards could not reach on the highlands of Armenia. Kars was besieged by Muravieff since the beginning of July, and poor General Williams wrote one letter after the other to Lord Redcliffe, urging him to represent the importance of the fortress to the Porte and to the allied armies, and to get a relieving corps sent from Trebizonde to Armenia. But Lord Redcliffe had half a dozen of ministerial intrigues on his hands and could not interest himself either for Miss Nightingale and the hospitals or for General Williams, and the besieged fortress in Asia, and the Allies in the Crimea could not spare one single man, not even a correspondent of *The Times*, for giving a "moral support" to the garrison of Kars, such as last year they had given to the garrison of Silistria. Everybody was prepared for the fall of the fortress, when suddenly we got the news that Muravieff, annoyed by the dogged endurance of the Turkish garrison, which could not be starved out, and in anticipation of the equinoctial snow-storms which soon might force him to fall back on the genial valley of Georgia, suddenly attacked Kars on Michaelmas day, but that after a battle of eight hours, he had been defeated with a loss of four thousand killed and several guns captured. The news was too good to be credited at once; still General Muravieff's dispatch in the *Invalide Russe* confirmed the Turkish victory indirectly, the Russian commander of Transcaucasia—admitting that his attack on Kars failed, because several of his commanding superior officers were killed—still claiming the victory, well aware that there is no special correspondent established at Kars, who could give him the lie direct. The danger of Turkish Armenia has now passed; Mauravieff's plans are baffled; while Omer Pasha is concentrating his troops at Batoun, preparing for a Winter campaign in Mingrelia, anxious to prove the superiority of his military genius to the allied commanders, who waste time and blood and money on the barren Heracleatic peninsula, unable to make any use of their victories.

Every man conversant with military matters, except Colonel St. Auge the strategist of the *Journal des Debats*, expected after the evacuation of the south side of Sevastopol an attack on the Russians, demoralized as they must have been by the capture of the Malakoff. But, to the surprise of everybody, the Allies lost the most precious opportunity of defeating the Russian army. They sat down once more before Sevastopol; filling up the trenches; cleaning the streets from rubbish; stripping the houses of every piece of wood and iron; blowing up, by carelessness, the barracks and half a company of English soldiers in the bargain; registering and valuing the spoils as if they were brokers; dividing the booty according to the number of men on the effective list of the armies on the 8th of September; preparing to destroy the basins and dockyards; observing the Russians, how they build new Malakoffs and Redans on the north side of Sevastopol; reconnoitering the valley of Baidar for the twentieth time; throwing sometimes a shell into the Sivernaya; suspending the service of the telegraph to England and France; trying to gag the correspondents; and allowing Prince Gorchakoff to reorganize his battalions, to strengthen his position, to recruit his commissariat, to fill the stores of Sivernaya with provisons, and to raise the "morale" of his army. Thus one month was wasted by Pelissier and Simpson; it was just sufficient time for destroying their military reputation; they seem never to have understood the principle of Napoleon I, that the enemy is to be defeated by the feet of the army as well as by its arms. At last they seem to have roused themselves from their torpor. Gen. d'Allonville was sent to Eupatoria, and since he succeeded in surprising the cavalry of the enemy and in capturing six cannons, Lord George Paget and the British cavalry were sent to enforce the French and Turkish garrison, and perhaps even to take the field in combination with the troops at the Chernaya, and to operate against Sympherpol if Gorchakoff falls back, or against his right flank and rear if he remains on the Upper Belbek. The garrison of Yenikale and the gunboats of the Allies have likewise continued their work of destruction: they have sacked, burned and complely destroyed the Tartar towns of Phanagoria and Taman, on the Asiatic side of the straits of Kertch, probably to give a practical interpretation of the way in which the power of Russia on the Black sea is to be limited. The poor inhabitants of those towns are now beggars, and as they never thought of resisting the Allies, they are rather at a loss to understand why their houses were burnt and their property sacked. Perhaps they will be comforted by learning from the English papers that after all this is the war of civilization against barbarism, of freedom against despotism.

A more important expedition sailed on the 5th from Kamiesh and Balaklava. Three thousand five English soldiers and about double the number of French, were on board the fleet. On the 8th they were off Odessa, threatening the chief emporium of Southern Russia, but doing no harm to it. The poor inhabitants of Odessa were dreadfully frightened, and expected the well known "infernal fire" of the Allies mentioned in the Russian bulletins of Sweaborg and Sevastopol, but on the 14th the fleet suddenly sailed to the Liman of the Bug. The troops were landed close to Kinburn; the small fortress was bombarded by the fleet, and probably taken by the troops. We have not yet English or French dispatches regarding this expedition; until now it is the Russian telegraph which informs us of the descent and the beginning of the bombardment. Opinions are divided about the aim of the movement. Some believe it is an operation to be extended to Nicolaieff; others think it might be Cherson which is threatened, while I cannot help seeing in the attack of Kinburn but a step more for carrying out Lord Palmerston's old plan of cutting Russia off from the Black sea. The Circassian fortresses Taman and Phanagoria, Kertch and Sevastopol, and perhaps Kinburn, are already in the hands of the Allies; as soon as Kaffa in the Crimea, Otshakoff and Odessa on the Black sea, and Ismael and Reni on the Danube will likewise be wrested from the Russians. The Allies are to remain on the defensive until Russia sues for peace.

The concordat between Austria and the Romish Pope has been published, much to the disgust of the Austrians, who see themselves placed altogether under the sway of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Francis Joseph and Baron Bach are the most dutiful sons of the church, and therefore just now engaged in a rather angry correspondence with the King of Sardinia, whom the Pope has excommunicated for his secularization of the estates of the convents and bishoprics. Austria cannot forget her old grudge against Sardinia, though Francis Joseph should rather do his best for smoothing the way for Victor Emanuel, who is the only prop of the monarchical principle in Italy. Let him only become unpopular in his estates, and all Italy becomes republican and united, while the feud between the Mazzinists and Piedmontese distracts the spirit of the Italians, and strengthens the foreign occupiers of Lombardy and Venice.

The advance of the rate of discount to full six and even seven per cent for bills of ninety five days in England and France is a new proof of the distrust which reigns among the moneyed classes; they are in fear of disturbances in France.

The King of Greece has at last dismissed his minister Kalergi, and named a Cabinet less distasteful to the Queen than the last; but the English and French Embassadors have declared upon the nominations of Trikoupi's ministry that in future they will hold the King personally responsible for any hostile movement against Turkey or the Allies, and that therefore they are to confer with him in a direct way, without caring for his ministers.

Serious disturbances have already taken place in Sicily, and troops are sent from Naples to Palermo by every steamer. Still we cannot get any authentic news about the extent and importance of the first rising. A. P. C.

FROM BOSTON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BOSTON, Saturday, Nov. 3, 1855.

This has been a week of Faneuil hall meetings. Mr. Burlingame led off, in conjunction with Mr. Hall of Plymouth, one of our new members of Congress, and Mr. Washburn of Maine. The latter gentlemen made excellent speeches, but the brunt of the battle was on Mr. Burlingame. Several hundred Know-Nothings had conspired to put him down, and for a time they created such an uproar that it seemed as if they might succeed. His pluck and readiness of retort, however, finally conquered them, and they were forced to listen in silent attention to a long and eloquent defence of the Republican party.

The next evening (Wednesday) a great crowd assembled to hear Rufus Choate, who made a tremendous boohoo about the Union, lavishing all the wealth of his vocabulary in interminable sentences and inextricable metaphors to paint its past glories and bewail its prospective dangers. He set out with the impertinent but convenient assumption that the Republican party is a disunion party—an assumption which is, if possible, more gratuitous than the plea of somnambulism by which he saved Tyrrell from the gallows. His speech had no argument in it whatever, and had no effect except to confirm the hopelessly confirmed. It was just as condemnatory of the whole past policy of the Whigs of Massachusetts, and of Mr. Choate's own course previous to 1850, as of the Republican party. It showed clearly, however, one fact of some significance—that Mr. Choate and the leading Walley Whigs are meditating a fusion with the Democrats next year.

Last night Mr. Sumner addressed the Republicans with great effect. He had an immense audience, every inch of the floor being occupied and all the approaches to the hall being blocked up by the crowd. His argument is unanswerable and is already circulating over the State in myriads of copies. All Mr. Sumner's meetings this campaign have been unprecedentedly large. He has during the last fortnight addressed more people in Massachusetts than any man ever did before in the same time. In fact, so far as oratory goes, the Republicans have distanced all the other parties put together. I suppose that nearly a thousand Republican speeches have been made within the last month.

Rockwell is clearly gaining every day. Had we another week to work in we should certainly carry the State high and dry. As it is, we are confident of success, though it is an old proverb in Massachusetts, more true this year than ever, that there's no telling who's to be governor till after election. Beach has evidently gained during the week, and there is great danger of sudden coalitions against the Republicans, several of which, I learn, are under treaty in some of the counties and cities. OLIVER.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

BOSTON, Saturday, Nov. 3, 1855.

The parties in this State seem to be doing up their Fall work in a husband-like manner; and there are plenty of them, too, as you very well know, to do it up. The only trouble is that they are in danger of treading on one another's toes and tumbling over each other, as rustic lovers sometimes do at a husking, each scrambling for the red ear, which entitles the fortunate finder to "the "most sweet guerdon" of a kiss from the peerless Dulcinea of that particular Toboso. I am not engineer enough (indeed I was never suspected of being much of one) to tell which of the rival suitors will win the smiles and favors of that harpy, Fortune, who is never so arrant a flirt as when she plays her tricks among the politicians. But politicians of all stripes are in fierce pursuit of her, and all are bragging of the certainty of their success. Even poor Mr. Choate was forced to perform the part of Hamlet in Faneuil hall the other night, as you have told your readers, and to moralize over the skull of the defunct Whig party with a pathos enough to make a rhinoceros blow its nose. Alas, poor Yorick! He hath borne me upon his back a thousand times! And now quite chapfallen! Only there was this difference between the inky-cloaked prince and his representative on the Faneuil-hall boards, that the former, who was but mad north-north-west, does not appear to have suffered under the delusion that the grinning anatomy in his hand was alive as well as grinning, and like to carry him upon his back again. There was more method in his madness than in that of Hamlet Choate, clearly.

You know it is impossible to convince persons of a particular idiosyncrasy that any great malefactor has really suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Multitudes of worthy people, who are allowed to manage their own money, believe John C. Colt and Dr. John W. Webster to be yet in the enjoyment of life and health, notwithstanding the judicial and medical testimony to the reality of their tragic endings. I suppose Dr. Dodd must be dead in the course of nature by this time; but for long years it was believed in England, and yet more firmly in Germany (where he was a kind of mythic mystery), that he was alive and well. Now this same love of the marvellous induces many very excellent, well-to-do people, whose balance at their bankers you would be glad to have stand in your name (at least I should), to persist in believing that political parties which have notoriously and, as it were at the hand of the common hangman, received their *coup de grace*, and are as dead as Hamlet's father or Julius Cæsar, or a door-nail, or whatever else is deadest, are still alive and kicking. I dare say you have specimens of this class in some of the purlieus of Wall street—Castle-Gardenites, Union-Safety committee men (sometimes profanely called the One Hundred slave-catchers) and the like, who still think that they have a Whig party under them, as faithfully as Sancho Panza believed that he was bestriding Dapple after the thievish knaves had cunningly slipped him from under the saddle, leaving the same standing on four sticks. If you have not, we have. Grave, elderly gentlemen who go down to State street every morning and talk politics with one another, and read *The Daily Advertiser* and *The Courier*, and believe all they read, and really think that there is such an entity *in rerum natura* as a Whig party! Some of them, it is said, believe that Mr. Walley is going to be elected governor! But that is a degree of madness which, as it is neither March nor midsummer, it is hard to believe in. It is to be hoped that the result of next Tuesday's election will be a *douche* of cold water on their heads, such as may help to restore them to at least partial sanity.

The present state of political matters here has developed some touching cases of self devotion, if not of superstition. In fact, there has been an ascetic turn taken by several politicians of more or less eminence, which must be alarming to our anxious alarmists as to the dangers of monastic institutions. Perhaps you have not heard that several of Our First Men have taken upon them the vows of La Trappe. Beside Mr. Choate, Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Everett have performed the introductory ceremony of digging their own graves, and have laid themselves down comfortably at the bottom, as a symbol that they are dead to all the vanities of ambition. Mr. Hilliard has also completed his, (with some assistance from our Know-Nothing city government, which relieved him of the office of city solicitor last Summer,) and will take his place in it as soon as he has finished the obituaries (at which he is a dab) on his brother Carthusians after their civil suicide. Peace to their ashes! It is a question among the curious as to whom the nomination of Mr. Walley helps. The Republicans hope that it will enure to their benefit, inasmuch as nearly all those who will vote for him are strong Anti-Maine law men, and would be likely to help Mr. Beach, the candidate of Rum and Democracy, had they not had this Whig tub flung to them to play with. They look upon it as reducing the contest virtually to Rockwell and Gardner, one or the other of whom must lord it over this part of the vineyard for the next twelvemonth. Though, to be sure, the Democrats have strong hopes of electing Mr. Beach, with the assistance of the friends of good liquor (or bad, as the case may be) and of the entire foreign vote—on which they can, of course, confidently rely. As between Mr. Gardner and Beach my mind is as nearly in a state of equilibrium as was that of the spectator of the fight between the toad and the *sarpent*. Only, as it was the first and not the last that put his stupid foot on the removal of Judge Loring, I do not feel the same sense of personal injury in the case of the Democratic candidate as I do in the other. Either will be accepted by the slaveholders as a peace offering from Massachusetts to the South. I trust it may be a *heave*-offering of both of them.

Politics, however, have not so entirely swallowed us up here for the last fortnight as not to have left a good slice for Rachel. The account you gave week before last of the two first nights here has prevented any attempt of my own to describe the indescribable. I will only add that the growing enthusiasm, to which you bore witness, gathered strength from night to night. It is unnecessary to say that she caused an excitement such as had never been before, because there never was such an occasion before, and never can be again, unless, as the bathos poet sung, "she herself shall be her parallel," at some future time. There was but one opinion, as far as I heard any expressed, that there never could have been such an actress before her. And this by those who had seen Siddons and O'Neil and Georges and Mars, and Schroeder and Devrient, as well as by those who had no such felicities of recollection. There has been an attempt on the part of a portion of our press (which I have seen reëchoed by a portion of yours) to misrepresent the success of her engagement—such as statements to the effect that she was playing to houses cold and half filled. Nothing could be more simply false. The houses which you saw, and to the fullness of which you bear witness, were hardly up to the average of those she drew afterward. On Thursday and Friday evenings of last week the theater was as entirely filled as I ever saw it, every seat and every standing-place being full. On Monday evening, for some inscrutable reason, the bottom seemed to drop out, and she did play to a half-filled house. I can only account for it on the ground that the mass of her admirers had been every night and Saturday afternoon for a week to see her, and felt that there might be a toil made even of such a pleasure, so they with one accord took a rest that night. However it might have been, it was their loss, for Rachel never looked more beautifully or played more exquisitely than that night in Pauline and Lesbie. She was ill the two next days, but on Thursday a very large audience greeted her and on Friday, her last appearance, it was truly immense. And the enthusiasm was at boiling point all the evening. She was called before the curtain after every act, and at the close of the Marseillaise it seemed as if the people would never consent to part with her.

These audiences, as you would suppose, were of the most cultivated description that Boston and its neighborhood could furnish. Many persons were of them that are not often seen in theaters. It cannot be improper to mention as among those who were constant or occasional visitors, Mr. Everett, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Agassiz, Mr. Prescott, Professor Felton, Professor Peirce, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Sparks, Mr. C. F. Adams and many besides whose names do not occur to me. Whatever certain newspapers may say, the success of Rachel in Boston was triumphant. The admirable articles in *The Advertiser* are understood to have been written by Mr. Felton. They are masterly specimens of erudition and of criticism. I do not know precisely the occasion of this quarrel of the press with Mr. Felix. I suppose that it grows out of that dead head system which was so ably exposed in THE TRIBUNE several months ago, and which must be a source of dispute as to the black mail demanded and conceded as long as it lasts. I presume that there must have been some ground of complaint in view of ancient usages, as I see even the grave *Advertiser* hints at blame. Unluckily,—or luckily, as it may be,—I have never enjoyed the beatific state of dead-headism. I had the privilege of paying for all my tickets, and have no obligations to Mr. Felix beyond letting me have his wares for my money. I had dealings of some extent with him and his *employés* on my own account and that of my friends, and I must say that I never received other than civil and courteous treatment from him and them; and I don't think there was any general fault found with the management by people that paid for their tickets. I imagine the whole row was but an *emeute* of the dead-heads, to whose sufferings we that pay for their gratuitous amusements submit with the most Christian resignation.

Your correspondent, "An Old Practitioner," is in error, in his letter of the 2d, in saying that Earl Ferrars claimed any privilege of peerage in the matter of his trial for the murder of Johnson, and that he was tried at Newgate, in London. He enjoyed his constitutional privilege of being tried by his peers, the House of Lords, by whom he was found guilty and he was sentenced to the usual death of murderers. He was hanged at Tyburn and his body dissected at Surgeons' hall, according to his sentence. He tried to have beheading substituted for hanging, or at least a private execution for a public one, but both requests were refused. The whole case will be found in Hargrave's State Trials. BYLES.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Friday, Nov. 2, 1855.

I find that I did injustice to "the South" in my remarks about the poets and *The Southern Literary Messenger*. I stated there were only eleven poets from the South out of one hundred and-thirty five: but I find there were six in another column of the paper that I copied from, and which I did not observe. So there are seventeen instead of eleven Southern poets; or twelve per cent of the entire number instead of eight per cent. From a love of justice I hasten to make the correction, as I assure you it was a purely unintentional mistake.

The "unterrified" Democracy are going to have an organ, a monthly mouth-piece, in the shape and by the name of *The National Democratic Review*, to be published here at Washington monthly by a Mr. Geo. P. Buel, formerly editor of a periodical called *The Western Democratic Review*. Mr. Buel is a young man and has not a very wonderful reputation among the statesmen and writers of the country. I have heard that President Pierce has been asked to shell down some of the "hard," but he will not a single "red." Marcy ditto. They evidently have had enough of organ music in the "blaster" that "roars as gently as any sucking "dove" here at daily dawn. The new *National Democratic Review* is expected to help make a President, and no doubt the editor wishes he may do it.

I send you a pamphlet copy of a speech of the Hon. John Perkins of Louisiana, showing the "*Results of "two years' Democratic rule in the country*." Not like Lorenzo Dow, reviewing his life and finding "much to condemn and little to approve," Mr. Perkins finds in our Administration much to approve and little or nothing to condemn. This speech has been printed here in Washington for circulation among "the faithful." I shall not go through with his indorsement of the Administration seriatim, but note one or two points. He approves of the "law for the reg-"istration of letters of value," and says, "by which, "at a very slight additional cost, a letter containing "money is made to record its own passage from post-"office to post-office, in a way to render easy its trace "to the place of its disappearance." The honorable member has hit it exactly. The registration system does trace a letter "to the place of its disappearance," but not one inch further; for there are records of several dozen such letters having disappeared, but not one has been traced a moment beyond its disappearance, nor has any person ever been detected in stealing one. The letter is traced "to the place of its disappearance," like the game of the thimble rigger. "Now," says the gambler, "does any gentleman dare bet five dol-"lars he can tell under which thimble the little joker "is?" Now you see it, and now you don't see it, and now its gone altogether. Mr. Perkins approves of the law requiring prepayment of letters, for, he very naively says, "the department has been for years ac-"tually transporting at heavy expense, all over the "country, worthless mail matter amounting to several "tuns a week received at the Dead letter office at "Washington." Yes, it is "worthless mail-matter," the three or four million dead letters in a year that miscarry, or fail to reach the persons addressed, and that in consequence come here to the Dead-letter office, and on being opened are found to contain sixty to eighty thousand dollars in cash, and over two millions in drafts, notes, and bills of exchange. These "sev-"eral tuns a week"—nearly every letter of which miscarries either from the fault of the mail arrangements, or else from some circumstances that to the writers are unavoidable—these "several "tuns" are "worthless mail matter," and should be diminished. The honorable eulogist thinks it quite necessary to diminish the amount of "worthless mail "matter," when these same dead letters are an attendant of every mail system, and it is just as much the duty of government to attend to the dead letters as it is to see to the mail matter in its ordinary transit. Then, is the member so simple as not to know that this very same law largely increases the number of dead letters, the very 'worthless matter' that he complains of? But why, in the name of all common sense, did not this gentleman, who enjoys the franking privilege, and who assists to load our mails with really "worth-"less matter"—why did he not tell us something about this system of franking? He says there are several tuns a week of "worthless mail matter," when this mail matter is neither worthless nor unavoidable. This is "several tuns a week;" but does he not know that there is an average of about one thousand tuns a week of franked matter leaving Washington alone—the full amount of fifty [!] thousand tuns in a year, from this one post-office? Now this is really the "worthless mail matter," and instead of "several tuns a week" it is about one thousand tuns a week, according to a report made by the City postmaster to the House of Representatives last Winter. Mr. Perkins says "By the law of prepay-"ment, this evil [several tuns a week of worthless "mail matter] is now greatly abated." The real fact is that let it be an "evil" or not, so far from its being "abated," there is a great increase of this same "mail "matter" that he calls "worthless," and just on account of the law he approves; and he can learn that at once by calling at the Dead-letter office. If the honorable gentleman wishes to bolster up the acts of the Administration, let him select happier illustrations than this, or else let him talk on a subject that he knows something about.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: 12mo., pp. 316. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

In the composition of this poem, Mr. Longfellow has ventured upon a dangerous experiment, attempting to throw the charms of curious versification and romantic imagery around the wild and superstitious legends of savage life. Hiawatha is the name of a celebrated personage in Indian tradition. Possessing miraculous endowments, he was sent to instruct the forest tribes in the arts of peace. His simple history presents several incidents that appeal to the imagination, and have already suggested favorite themes for poetic embellishment. Mr. Longfellow has aimed to embody these traditions in a connected narrative, interweaving with them various other remains of legendary lore, and adorning the story with numerous descriptions of the sylvan landscape. The scene is placed among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

[The poem opens rather abruptly with an explanation of its origin and design:]

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?
I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer."
Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"In the birds' nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!
"All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fen-lands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild goose, Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!"
If still further you should ask me,
Saying, 'Who was Nawadaha?
Tell us of this Nawadaha,"
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow:
"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.
"And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.
"There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!"
Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
Ye who sometimes in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected grave-yard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha!

Mudjekeewis, the dusky sire of Hiawatha, was a renowned warrior among the tribes, and had obtained signal honors by his triumph over Mishe-Mokwa, the "Great Bear of the Mountains," from whose neck he had borne away a wondrous trophy in a "sacred Belt of Wampum." As the reward of this exploit he received the name of the West-Wind, with the privilege thenceforth of holding supreme dominion over all the winds of heaven.

His next adventure, which is an essential preliminary to the development of the story, is thus related:

Downward through the evening twilight,
In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife, but not a mother.
She was sporting with her women,
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
"See! a star falls!" said the people;
"From the sky a star is falling!"
There among the ferns and mosses,
There among the prairie lilies,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
And she called her name Wenonah,
As the first-born of her daughters.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.
And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
"O, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
Listen not to what he tells you;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you!"
But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not those words of wisdom,
And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Wooed her with his words of sweetness,
Wooed her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.
Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

The young Hiawatha is left to the care of his grandmother Nokomis, Daughter of the Moon, who had now become wrinkled and haggard by sorrow and age. Her wigwam stood by the shores of Gitche Gumee, by the shining Big-Sea-Water. Behind it rose the forest of black and gloomy pine trees. Before it the clear and sunny water shone in soft brightness. Here the dark-eyed boy grew up, learning of the weird Nokomis many secrets of the stars that shine in heaven, listening to the solemn music of the pine trees and the mystic lapping of the water, wondering at the moon and the rainbow, talking with the birds in their sweet languages, and taking many a lesson from the beavers, squirrels, and reindeer. At length he takes his first degree in the practical mysteries of wood-craft, of which the poet gives a a vivid picture:

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.
Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed and said between his laughing
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

Hiawatha has now grown out of childhood into manhood, and is skilled in all the craft of hunters, learned in all the lore of old men, in all youthful sports and pastimes, and in all manly arts and labors. He was so swift of foot that he could overtake the arrow which he had just discharged from his bow—so strong of arm that he could shoot ten arrows upward before the first which left the bow-string had fallen to the ground. The time comes for him to celebrate a solemn fast, preliminary to his mission as the benefactor of his people. On the fourth day of this observance, as he lay exhausted on his couch of leaves and branches, gazing with half-open eyelids on the gleaming of the water and the splendor of the sunset, he saw a youth approaching through the purple twilight dressed in garments of green and yellow, with soft and golden hair, and green plumes waving over his forehead. This was Mondamin who had descended from the Master of Life in order to instruct the favored youth in regard to the object of his prayer. He invites Hiawatha to rise from his bed of branches and wrestle with him.

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fiber.

The trial was repeated on two successive days, with a result which the students of Indian tradition have already anticipated:

Thrice they wrestled there together